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VAE VICTIS.

SHE hummed beneath her breath and dreamily
Gay bits of ballad and romance,
And where her cheek just rounded creamily
A lurking dimple peeped askance.

She swayed a fluffy fan provokingly
Before the mischief of her eyes,
And bade me recollect, half-jokingly,
Who tilts with Love, Love-conquered dies.

She said farewell, and said it pettishly,
Yet viewed my broken heart with pride
And added, dallying coquettishly—
"Love's fickle,—and the world is wide!"

M. E. W.



VOL. II. JULY 12TH, 1883. NO. 28.

1155 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

Published every Thursday, \$5 a year in advance, postage free. Single copies, 10 cents.

Subscribers leaving town for the summer may have their copies forwarded by sending their summer address in full to this office.

BY the death of Archbishop Purcell the world loses a man of great purity of character, exemplary habit and undoubted integrity, yet a man who was guilty of what, in a secular person, would rightfully be termed criminal carelessness. Undertaking a vast banking business for the benefit of his flock, he received deposits amounting to millions, kept no books, made rash investments and expenditures, and, as a matter of course, failed, leaving his creditors in the lurch to the extent of over three millions. There is no doubt that the dead prelate was merely guilty of an error in judgment and of ignorance of worldly matters in this proceeding. No one questions for a moment his intention to do good by this most singular ecclesiastical enterprise; but the fact remains that 10,000 people lost their savings by it; that the Mother Church, with millions upon millions, refused to come to the aid of her distressed prince; and that a life which contained much that was worthy of highest praise and but little deserving of censure, was ended under clouds of shame and sorrow.

WE have had a really and truly duel at last—editors, seconds, surgeons, pistols, twenty paces and all. A Texan editor and an Italian sculptor were the principals. They took great care to advertise the affair well by elaborate replies to the excited reporters, by loud and continued pistol practice in public galleries, and by harangues upon the subject of their courage in the corridors of their respective hotels. Despite these broad hints, however, the police refused to interfere, and the belligerents were forced by their seconds into a meeting, where Editor Knox, who had been called a liar by Sculptor Sheahan, received calibre 45 amends from that gentleman through his arm. This establishes a precedent, of which amateur duellists of the future will no doubt take heed. The police do not always interfere, and duels are sometimes dangerous.

THAT twenty-one members of the Thirteenth Regiment were prostrated by the heat Wednesday, while engaged in that brilliant piece of tomfoolery known as a "sham battle," is a fact which prominent and wise militia grandees would do well to consider. It is no doubt quite a frolic for doughty officers who never commanded at a real battle to charge raw men hither and thither over a peaceful field before a crowd of idle women, but when human life is imperilled, the seething ambition of the amateur general should be repressed.

ONE hundred and twelve persons were killed by the cholera at Damietta, on the Fourth. Honors were easy. We had the toy pistol.

THERE seems to be a disposition on part of the long-suffering public to rebel against that barbarous jangling pandemonium known in church parlance as "Sabbath Chimes." Exactly how this metallic uproar tends to the welfare of pious souls has never been made quite clear, but it is certain that its effect upon the average sinner who lives within ear-shot of the steeple, is one which must make the prince of fiends caper with delight. To sufferers from nervous complaints the bells are a source of dangerous torture, and it is time now for the legislature, if it can get a lucid interval, to proscribe this ecclesiastical species of tomtom as a public nuisance.

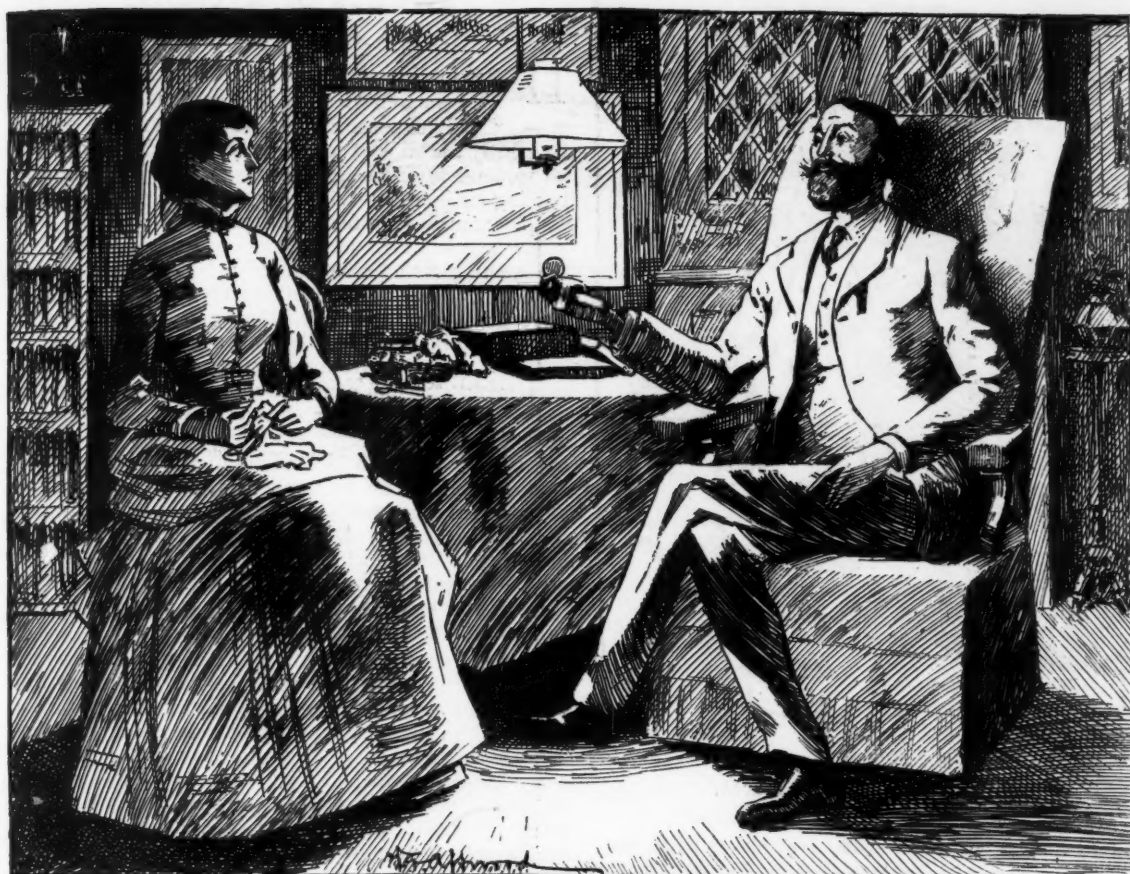
THE severity of Mayor Wasson's sentence for embezzling public moneys to pay debts incurred in draw poker, does not seem to stand much chance of mitigation, despite the earnest efforts of influential friends in the matter, and it is to be hoped that disbursing officers will take the lesson to heart when next tempted into a series of social jackpots.

LIGHTNING having struck and demolished a Fourth of July orator at Goodland, Indiana, the people of that section are disposed to think there is a kind Providence governing the elements after all.

THE Society for the Encouragement of Amateur Liars has decided to confer the Perkins Special Medal on the Moosehead City (N. C.) correspondent of the *Philadelphia Press* for his story of how little Birdie Elliott was carried four miles by a bunch of toy balloons accidentally attached to her by an Alabama major, and rescued by two Georgia captains and a Virginia major, and brought back to her mamma, who was lying in a dead faint, attended by four Louisiana surgeons-general.

THE humane example set by the captains of the Seventh Street Ferry-boats, allowing mothers to spend the day on the river with their little ones, without extra charge, is one eminently worthy of universal adoption.

IOWA has just paid off the last dollar of her war indebtedness. She was one of the first to offer aid to the Union in the hour of peril, and one of the most generous in responding to subsequent appeals. Her enviable position to-day has been obtained by careful retrenchment and a judicious use of the ballot, which other states with large debts and small credit would do well to imitate.



A DOUBTFUL COMPLIMENT.

Mr. Jones (handing a silver dollar to the joy of his household) : MY DEAR, DO YOU KNOW THIS REMINDS ME OF YOU.

Mrs. J. : INDEED, WHY SO ?

Mr. J. : IT MAKES UP IN BEAUTY WHAT IT LACKS IN SENSE.

(Mrs. J. does not know whether to be real mad or real glad.)

KATE.

WHEN languid cattle low, and all
The land is dim with evenfall,
I know my Kate is waiting me
Expectantly—Expectantly.

When chirping crickets faintly cry,
And pale stars blossom in the sky,
And twilight gloom has dimmed the bloom,
And blurred the butterfly,—

When locust-blossoms fleck the walk,
And up the tiger-lily-stalk
The glowworm crawls and clings and falls
And glimmers down the garden walls,—

When buzzing things, with double wings
Of crisp and raspish flutterings,
Go buzzing by so very nigh
One thinks of fangs and stings,—

O then, within, is stilled the din
Of crib she rocks the baby in,
And at the gate the latch's weight
Is lifted—and the lips of Kate !

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

DEALERS in old junk are, of course, delighted to know that
Mr. Roach is to build our new men of war.



THE OCEAN STEAMER.

THE WRONG MAN.

WILL YOU BE KIND ENOUGH, SIR, TO INFORM ME
SIR, THE LOCATION OF NO. 418.

TAKE TWO TURNS AND A HALF HITCH, LET GO
THE WEATHER MAIN BRACE, CLEW UP YER T' GALLANT
STAY-SAIL, PORT YER HELM, AND ASK THE MAN AT
THE WHEEL.

THANKS.

VERY OBLIGING.

I LOVE you! Oh I love you true!"
(With fervor spoke the youth),

"And yet I cannot marry you
For many a month in sooth.

"For I am poor, ah! young and poor,
With neither wealth nor fame;
But when I fame and wealth secure,
Then you, my bride, I'll claim.

"But though I cannot ask you now
To share my humble fate;
Pray give to me an answering vow,
And tell me, Love, you'll wait."

"Oh, yes, I'll wait," the maiden said;
"That's not so hard to do;
For meantime I'll another wed
While waiting, sir, for you."

JOHN P. LYONS.

SWEETS OF ARCADIA.

[From the Journal of a Summer-boarder.]

HERE in this secluded vale of the Green Mountains am I enjoying perfect happiness and repose at the weekly expense of only three dollars and a half. Evidently the wicked extortion practiced at the popular summer resorts is here unknown. And what a cool, bracing air is here! What delightful scenery! What simple, amusing old-fashioned people!

My host is a man in a thousand—the beau-ideal of the open-hearted Yankee farmer; a man frugal in his pleasures, full of interest in his crops, and eager that I, his guest, should taste all the sweets of rural existence. A smile of good-will is always on his face when he meets me. Far from restricting the freedom of my enjoyment, far from constantly urging me to keep out of his standing grass, and not to walk through his fields of rye, he exclaims in his hearty way, "Go where you will." He is, in fact, so manifestly pleased when I go out and roll on his uncut hay, and trample down his rye, that I generally devote an hour before breakfast to this exercise. Did ever farmer good-humoredly permit such liberties? Whatever I do he says in his genial, hospitable manner, "That's right, that's right;" and remember, I am only paying three dollars and a half a week!

My kind entertainer owns a dog of which he is very fond; but for myself, I detest dogs, and when this brute comes nosing around I am in the habit of kicking him hard enough, it would seem, to discourage his curiosity. But the dog never gets put out. However much I kick him, he always returns to gather fresh caresses as soon as the pain subsides. A kind, forgiving creature. I did think that the farmer, when he saw the emphatic rebukes which the pacific overtures of his pet encountered, would lose temper, but he merely said pleasantly, "That's right, I like to see young people enjoying of themselves." Such being the case I cheerfully reserve half an hour on every afternoon except Sundays for kicking the farmer's dog. And to think I only pay three dollars and a half a week!

My dear old host has a daughter, a sweet, artless maiden. I sometimes think, Why not sever the ties which bind me to city and to care, marry this lovely girl, and end my days here in Arcadia? But as to this rural nymph. Never was woman less coquettish, more natural. Once, in a weak moment, I begged of her a kiss. Without blush or protest, frankly, fearlessly she turned her lips to mine. Sweeter than wild thyme, more delicate than molasses and water. I afterwards repeated the experiment, and established beyond a doubt the existence of a new chemical affinity. I felt sure that in kissing the old man's daughter I had reached the limit of his good nature. Even hospitality was not called upon to sanction such liberties. But the dear old boy said in his cheering tone, "That's right, that's right, have a good time." So I am falling into the habit of spending the time between dusk and dark in kissing the old man's daughter. And I'm only paying three dollars and a half a week!

Pleasure in this life, alas! is only to be had by snatches, and my leave of absence has drawn to a close. I told my host this morning that he need make out no bill, that I required no acknowledgment from him, but he is childishly eager to be business-like, and is even now, with a great show of mock gravity, scrawling a piece of paper.

By Jove, I've just received that bill! What a den of thieves have I got into! How shall I get away without paying it? O, here are six men with double-barrelled shot-guns stationed round the house. Let me inscribe it here as a future warning to trusting dispositions:

Bored and Logging fer fore weex at \$3.50 a weeck.. \$14.00

EXTRYS.

Comin thro' the ri patch at 75 cents a yard.....	37.50
Kikking my yellor pup at 37½ cents a kik.....	487.50
Kizzing my hired girl, at \$4.00 each.....	988.00
Sundries.....	400.00

Totle.....\$1,626.00

E. L. THAYER.

WANTED. Some kind friend to explain to me how this dratted hole in my arm patches up my wounded honor. Address: *Knox, Texas Snifflings.*—*Adv.*

WHAT is the matter with Bishop McLaren that he wishes to force Rev. Mr. Ritchie into resignation?—*Herald and Presbyter.*

Probably an Embarras de Ritchie, as it were.

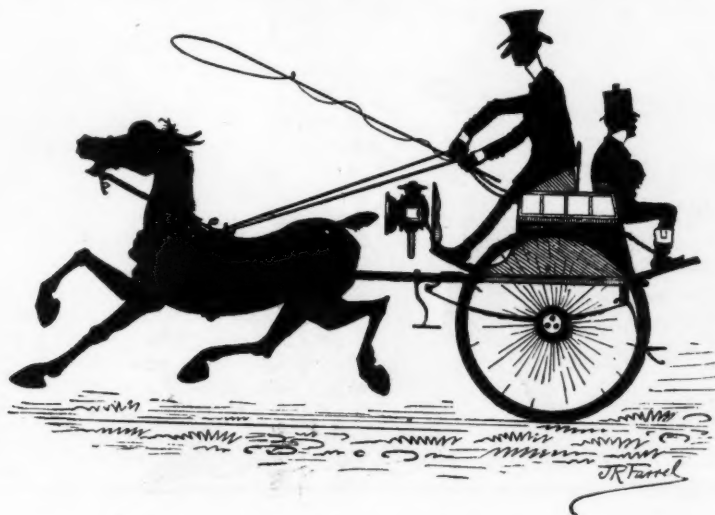
CRYPTOPHYLLUS CONCAVUS.

WHEN midsummer's tranquil evenings
Hush the notes of every bird,
Deep within the darkening forest,
Shrilly sweet, a cry is heard.
"Katy did!" "She did!" "She did n't!"
Something calls from bush and tree.
Ah my heart! This pain confesses
Nature's reference to thee.

For, screenéd round by gathering shadows,
Yestereve I sought the wood.
There quoth I, "Assertive insect,
Does Kate love me? If I could,
I would ask herself the question;
But my blushes silence bid.
Be my oracle!" For answer,
Came a mocking "Katy did."

Chafing at this flippant fiat,
"Does she hate me then?" I cried.
Quick as thought, the taunting creature
"Katy did n't!" thrice replied.
"Past is past. Unlock the present,
Jealous witch," I called, heart-stirred.
So, the wicked woodland sybil
Would not say another word.

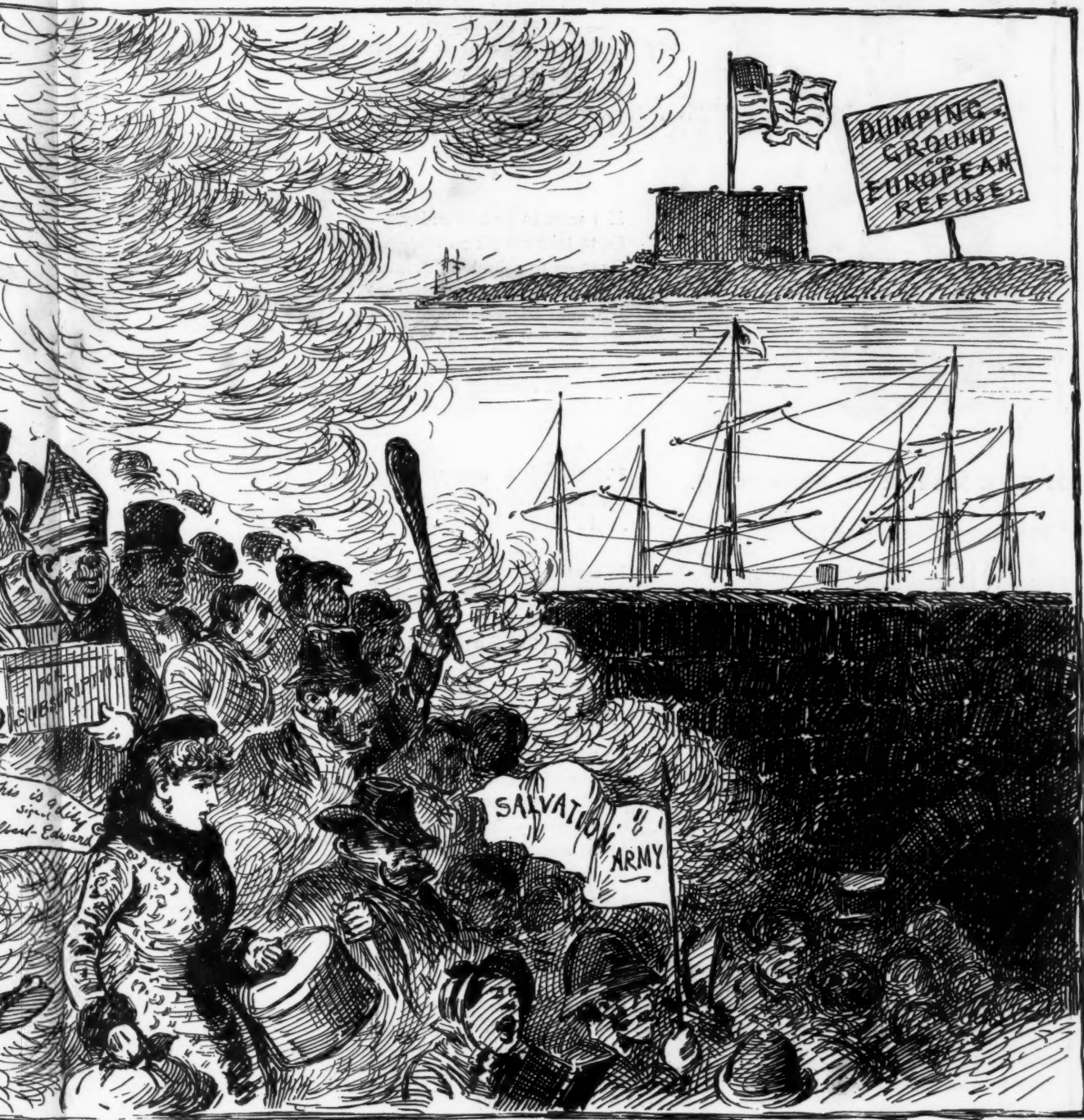
EDWARD J. STEVENSON.



THE WHEELS OF THE DOG-CART ARE HEARD O'ER THE LAND.



AND WE OPEN OUR



N OUR ARMS TO THEM!



SONG OF THE MAYOR OF NEW YORK.

WHEN I entered on my mission
 As a city politician,
 Then I studied the condition
 Of the voters in the town ;
 I discovered that to flatter
 Wasn't half so great a matter
 As to make their pockets flatter
 With a little money down.

And of course I then expected
 That when I had been elected,
 I should find myself respected
 By the mighty upper ten ;
 You may judge of my condition
 When I learned that my volition
 Would be subject to permission
 From the Board of Aldermen !

Every day the wise and witty
 Came and sang to me a ditty .
 How I ruled a mighty city
 With my own unaided hand ;
 And they told me every hour
 That I bubbled o'er with power,
 And that guilty men would cower
 At my dignity so grand.

Then my daily cogitation
 Was the quick regeneration
 Of a wicked population
 So they'd never sin again ;
 But my plan went to perdition
 When I sought for its fruition,
 For I couldn't get permission
 Of the Board of Aldermen.

If I want to go to Funday,
 Or to take a walk on Monday,
 Or to go to church on Sunday,
 Or indulge in oyster stew,—
 If I want a secretary
 Who has not a pet vagary,
 And who isn't over chary
 Of the work he ought to do,—

If I feel a little heady,
 And my nerves are none too steady,
 And I need a little ready
 Cash to buy some seltzer then,—
 In every single, sad condition,
 What's the use of my position,
 When I have to get permission
 Of the Board of Aldermen ?

If I'm strongly actuated
 To remove the antiquated
 Custom of the elevated,
 And reduce the ten-cent fare,—
 If to industry I'm leaning,
 And announce my settled meaning
 All the streets to give a cleaning,
 And to put them in repair,—

If it is my good intention
 To look into the suspension
 That to Brooklyn brings dissension,
 Which you read of now and then,
 My designs have no fruition,
 For it dampens my ambition
 When I have to get permission
 Of the Board of Aldermen.

W. J. HENDERSON.



POPULAR SCIENCE CATECHISM.

LESSON VI.—The Jury.

WHAT is this?

An intelligent jury, darling.

But these men who look like ignorant and vicious loafers?

They are jurors, dear.

And that wall-eyed chucklehead in the middle?

Sh! he is the foreman.

Why is he made foreman?

Because he knows less than the others.

My! But what is a jury for?

A jury, my precious, is a body of men, good and true, who decide questions of justice for the people.

How is the question submitted?

Why, the lawyers talk and chew tobacco and abuse witnesses, while the judge and jurors take a nap, and then the judge is waked up by the clerk, and gives his charge.

And what is that?

As intelligent a summary of the laws bearing on the question as he can improvise.

Well, after the poor judge has delivered his charge?

Why then the jurors wake up, and go off to decide the case.

But they have heard nothing of the evidence.

No.

Nor of the law.

No.

But is not that awful?

No, it makes no difference.

Gracious! why?

Because they could understand neither if they did hear.

Then what do they do when they go off?

Play poker.

My! but is that not a wicked game?

Very.

How long do they play poker?

If no one has fixed them, they play until one man is fractured.

How fractured?

Broke.

And then?

He amuses himself by working out a verdict.

And the rest?

Sign it.

Then this is the way the law is administered?

Every time.

But you said this was the way the jury did if no one had "fixed" them.

Yes, sweet.

How is a jury "fixed"?

That is a secret.

Well, when a jury is "fixed," how is the verdict?

Immensely satisfactory.

Always?

Always.

To whom?

To the side that did the fixing.

If I want further information on this subject, to whom shall I go?

To Mr. Ingersoll, dear.

C.

CRUEL DIPLOMACY.

RELENTLESS WORK OF CHINESE PATRIOTS IN THEIR COUNTRY'S CAUSE.

A great American Statesman laid low by a Blood Curdling Dinner in Mott Street.

SURVIVAL OF THE FITTEST.

THE beautiful pictures, statuary, tapestry and glass ware in the Hoffman House barroom furnished a superb setting for a stout, florid man, who leaned upon the bar and regarded in a dreamy way a second man who was not so florid but who was several times as fat. The ascetic impressions awakened by Bouguerau's "Nymphs and Satyr" were relieved by the regular faint clicking from the oyster stand, where three haughty openers were at work. Through the door from the hotel, past the magnificent bronze statue of the Ionian woman wearing nothing in particular, came the languid figure of Mr. Stokes, with its rapturous trousers and foot gear and its chastened thatching of gray. The eye of the proprietor took in the seventeen or eighteen knots of frosty champagne bottles, each the centre of a prodigal and desirable group, and lighted upon the person of the florid man at the bar, who was taking brandy and soda. Mr. Stokes rushed to him and shook him warmly by the hand.

"How are things in Camden?" he asked, effusively.

"You mock me," replied Mr. Robeson—for he it was—smiling sadly. "Who," he continued, "is the

fat gentleman sitting at the table with the fifteen champagne bottles, the obsequious friends, and other tokens denoting that he is a successful public official?"

"That," replied Mr. Stokes, "is Hubert O. Thompson, Commissioner of Public Works, who has a \$20,000,000 aqueduct on hand."

An expression of mingled admiration and envy passed across Mr. Robeson's face. He repressed his feelings by an effort. Presently his eye lighted up with an ill-suppressed joy as the noiseless Twenty-fourth Street doors swung apart, admitting two Chinamen. One of these was young and jaunty; he carried a lead pencil behind his ear, and his pockets were stuffed with newspapers; he was Wong Chin Foo, editor of the *Chinese American*. The other was older; his brow was seamed with the lines of wisdom; his eye was muddy, and he had lost several of his teeth; he was Tom Lee, Boss of Mott Street, and ex-Deputy Sheriff. The two eagerly greeted Mr. Robeson. "Dinner all leddy," they cried in concert.

"Hang the dinner," returned Mr. Robeson. "Does Li Hung Chang desire me to furnish a navy for China?"

"Evlyting all light," replied Tom Lee. "Li Hung Chang says the Fader of the Melican navy is the only fit palent for the navy that China expects."



"NOW, THERE, YOUNG FELLER, ANY TIME TO-NIGHT AN' IT'S THE POST I'LL BE WANTIN' FUR THE NEXT STAIMER."

As Tom Lee said this he exchanged a quick glance with his young companion. Mr. Robeson did not observe it. If he had it might have suggested itself uncomfortably to him, as an omen that comes to one in the night. The editor at this moment discovered Mr. Thompson, and declared that he also must go to dinner.

Tom Lee looked queer. "What have we against him?" he said, in Chinese.

"That's all right," Wong Chin Foo replied in the same language. "He can stand it"—and the younger Chinaman with his hand described a bold parabola, beginning at his chin and ending just below his waistband.

Mr. Robeson urged that he would like to meet the man with a \$20,000,000 aqueduct on hand, and Tom Lee nodded, Wong Chin Foo went over to the Commissioner and invited him to dinner. Mr. Thompson, who had eaten nothing since a lunch of Southdown chops and Welsh rarebit at Brown's as much as an hour and a half before, accepted with alacrity. "I am ravenous," he said. He was made acquainted with Mr. Robeson, and the four gentlemen were quickly seated in a hack that was waiting outside.

"To 4 Mott Street," cried Wong Chin Foo.

The hack glided smoothly away over the incomparable pavements that distinguish the American metropolis. Mr. Robeson endeavored to engage Mr. Thompson in conversation concerning the aqueduct, but the latter was too weak from the lack of food to converse much. When Mr. Robeson would say: "This aqueduct business seems to me to afford boundless opportunities for a man of genius," Mr. Thompson would vaguely reply, emitting the words much as a hasty pudding that is cooking emits bubbles, "I hope there will be plenty of solids"—referring probably to the dinner.

The party alighted in a wild waste of bright signs, lanterns, jabber, and other evidences of heathendom. They went up a flight into Tom Lee's restaurant, where they sat down to eat. It was a terrible meal. Mr. Thompson apparently liked it. When the thirty-eighth course was presented Mr. Robeson pushed his plate away. "I cannot eat any more," he said. He seemed much distressed. At this the Chinamen sat bolt upright; their faces were very grave; they ignored the dishes before them.

"Let's eat," said Mr. Thompson.

"We cannot," replied Tom Lee, in pure and exalted English. "Our guest refuses our hospitality."

"My God!" said Mr. Robeson, "I feel sick."

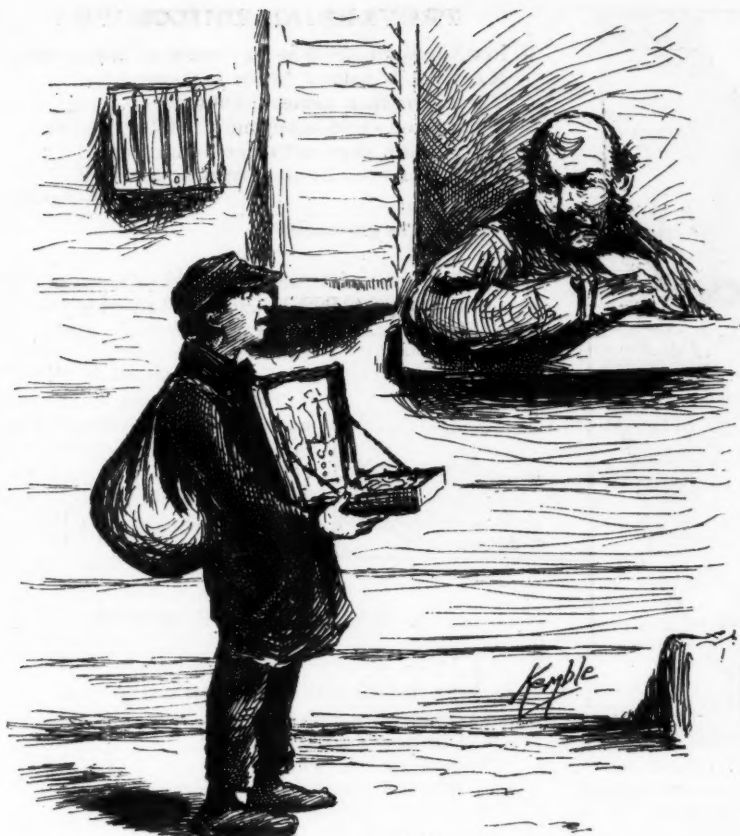
"It is exceedingly painful to us," said Wong Chin Foo, also in fair English, to Mr. Thompson, "that the Father of the 'Melican Navy should despise that which we have been at such pains to provide."

"Oh, eat, Robeson," said Mr. Thompson, setting a vigorous example.

"Gimme the dish," Mr. Robeson gasped.

When he had finished it he showed alarming symptoms. He was much distended. His body, from his armpits down, seemed incapable of motion. His

FIRST LOVE.



FALLING dew—
('Twas rather dark)
Strolling through
Mount Morris park.

You were blushing,
But for why
I can't say, for
So was I.

Oh! the vows,
That then were spoken.
Made like all vows,
To be broken.

True love's course,
The rest you know—
Won't rehearse
The proverb now.

Your pa austere,
Raised a fuss;
Thought we were
Too previous.

Your mama,
With accents bland,
Showed me where
The door did stand.

Vanished, then,
My dreams of heaven—
I was too,
And you were seven.

CARLOS.

Peddler : WHERE IS DOT LADY WHAT LIVES HERE ?

Friend at the Wake : WHIST ! BE AISY ; SHE DIED TWO DAYS AGO.

Peddler : SO HELP ME GRACIOUS, I AM SORRY ! IF I HAD COME TWO DAYS SOONER I COULD HAVE SOLD HER DOSE TWO NAPKINS SHE BROMISED TO BUY LAST WEEK.

THAT the principals in the recent Virginia duel have not yet been arrested, speaks ill for public sentiment in that State. That two idiots should endeavor to kill each other is a commonplace affair, but that the deed should be openly countenanced by the authorities is disgraceful.

breathing was stertorous, and appeared to be accomplished altogether with his shoulders. His eyes were painfully wide open and bulging. His face was dark red, almost purple, dotted with large beads of perspiration. His expression was agonized.

"We have almost fetched him," said the editor, in Chinese.

Tom Lee made no reply. He beckoned to the servant, who brought course thirty-nine.

Mr. Robeson evidently was not able to speak. His eyes rolled feebly, as if endeavoring to escape the fascination of the Deputy Sheriff's gaze, which was never removed from him. With a spasmodic effort he disposed of the course. His arms then dropped, and his mouth fell apart.

The servant brought course forty.

"This is a bully dinner," said Mr. Thompson.

"Feed it to him," said Tom Lee to the servant, who stood by Mr. Robeson.

The servant did as he was ordered. As he finished Mr. Robeson died.

"My country," exclaimed the Deputy Sheriff, his voice trembling with emotion, "we have done this for thee !"

"China is delivered," said the editor. "The Mongolian navy is spared."

"Dinner is finished," said Tom Lee, rising. The editor rose also.

"Is n't there any cheese?" Mr. Thompson inquired.

"No cheese," the Deputy Sheriff replied.

Mr. Thompson rose reluctantly, and followed the patriots from the room.

E. D. BEACH.



ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

COMMISSIONER T.—1. Certainly, if you are not found out. 2. Which would we rather have—a million dollars or that aqueduct? Why—er—of course—well—but we must see the figures.

BEIRNE, *Virginia*.—1. Yes, near-sighted men are safe game. 2. Should not your "picture be hung in some public place?" It probably is already. Ask the chief of police.

KEELY STOCKHOLDER.—1. When the pigs begin to fly, you will be happy.

RANDALL, *Penn.*.—1. What sort of a man is Watterson? A fair, fragile blonde, with a dewy, sensitive mouth, and peach-blossom cheeks, and Oh! Randall, you can't think how modest. 2. Does he really want you to give up hope of the speakership? Well, Watterson, you know, is self-sacrificing. He knows how many cares the speakership would entail upon you, and sooner than see you suffer, he would take it himself. That's the kind of a martyr Watterson is, and please remember it, Randall.

O. WILDE, *London*.—Yes, Sampson also once had his hair cut. But there the resemblance between you ceases.

KING CHOLERA, *Damietta*.—1. Yes, your Highness will find this city a most agreeable place to visit, and now ready to make you comfortable. 2. No, you have nothing to fear from the street cleaning brigade. They are waiting for your arrival, and then they will commence to begin to think it almost time to consider gently how your coming might have been prevented.

R. G. WHITE.—Yes, as you say, they are probably called "dog days" because nothing but a dog can take any comfort in them.

D. DAVIS.—No, it would not be indiscreet for you to leave off your heavy flannels from now until the first of September.

AMATEUR DRUGGIST.—No, your expertness with the soda spigot does not entitle you to a diploma for fizziology.

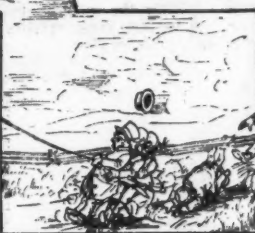
PROVERBIAL PHILOSOPHY.

Don't look for teeth in the mouth of a gift horse.
Many hands make a heavy Jack-pot.
The racing man makes the money go.
A cremated child is beyond dreading the fire.
One swallow does not make a bummer.
A man is known by the cigars he keeps.*

MORS-VIVENS.

* Not those he gives away.

THE King of Spain kisses the Queen of Spain by telegraph. Why?—*Boston Post*. Do you know nothing of Spanish garlic, dear brother?



THE destruction of the world cannot be very far distant. France is preparing to invade China; the cholera is in Egypt; and Murat Halstead is making ready to write again on the subject of the silver dollar.

A BALLADE OF WINE.

EYES lit with luminous drips;
Mouth kinked with tremulous glee:
Daintily poised finger-tips
Clinking a goblet with me.
Something said whisperingly,
Which I but vaguely divine,
Though I smile wisely, and she
Laughingly winks at the wine.

Ho! how delightfully trips
Each little *bon mot* that we
Chase up and down, between sips—
Dazzlingly dalliant and free.
She has a wit, I can see,
Almost the equal of mine!
She—as though fain to agree—
Laughingly winks at the wine.

Slowly the utterance slips
Down a mysterious key—
Falters and wavers and dips
Into a strange lethargy:
Hands limply drop to the knee—
Fancies quite hard to define—
Somebody—who can it be?—
Laughingly winks at the wine.

'ENVOI.

Vision, half lost in eclipse,
Focusing waiter, with sign—
Finger laid over his lips—
Laughingly winks at the wine.

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NOTES AND EXTRACTS.

"Render unto Scissors those things which are Scissors."
—[St. Paul to the Fenians. IV., xi, 44.]

It's a wise horse that noses his own fodder.—*N. Y. Journal.*

THE tables at Mount Desert, this summer, will be waited on by sophomores only.—*Puck.*

THE potato with all its eyes is the most susceptible of vegetables. It is so easily mashed.—*Pittsburgh Telegraph.*

YOU can't make the fellow with a lot of sisters believe that happiness is merely a relative matter. At all events, he goes to some other fellow's relatives to find it.—*Boston Transcript.*

"WELL," said the lady whose husband had run away with the school ma'am, "there's one consolation: I know the inside facts of this scandal, and that's more than those spiteful old maids across the way do."—*Boston Post.*

"YOUNG CALVIN" wants to know if we "believe that angels have wings, and why we think so?" We think they have, Calvin. We never saw their wings, but we know that whenever a young man becomes perfectly convinced that he has met an angel he spends about all his spare time holding her tight with both arms, as though he feared she would fly away the minute he let go of her. And if they had no wings there would be no cause for this widespread almost universal fear.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

THEY were pleasantly seated in the hotel. Five dollars were raised as a purse to give to the man who could tell the biggest lie. After guessing at the number of pages in a book to see who should spin the first, the fat man who was seated on the bar proved to be the best guesser.

"Well," he began, shifting his cigar to the other corner of his mouth. "A wealthy country editor—" "Hold on," rang out the voices of the party as but a single man, "you can have the purse."—*Reynolds' Critic.*

CANDOR.—Young Mr. Tremble, who is quite bright, was at a party one night and he was quite well looked at by the girls before he was introduced. After the introduction he soon caught on, and was making himself very popular.

"Oh, la, Mr. Tremble," laughed Miss Mollie at one of his witty remarks, "you remind me so much of a friend of mine."

"Indeed, Miss," said Tremble, "in what way?" "Oh, he looked just like he hadn't a bit of sense, but when one knew him, he was just too awfully cute for any use."—*Merchant and Traveller.*

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